

Aviva Alter
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Davis Street Drawing Room

My cloth history #1

The Mess

The mess OCD mother who starched and divided everything in order. Could not ever use new towels or sheets, only the aging well used items on the top.

Couldn't sit on the bed, covers would wrinkle! Couldn't sit on the couch - misshape it.

She did not care about clean, only order. What we used and wore often was stretched out, soiled or torn.

When I saw Anne Wilson's work for the first time I was drawn back into cloth. I thought about healing worn cloth or embellishing the worn area. That's what I know about cloth - use it, order it, stain it, tear it and continue over again.

History #2

The love

Inheriting all of my uncles WWII army uniforms and going through everything - finding holes in pockets where his hands had been. The history of his uniforms, the wars, the wearing of, the pride he had to care for all his army wear.

My writing looks like wrinkled cloth!

